

Long Night

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Character:

[Carolyn \(London Ripper\)](#), [Ripper \(London Ripper\)](#)

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Long Night

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

My name is Carolyn.

I am a prostitute.

I run through the dark streets.

The Ripper is after me.

- A translation of [La nuit va être longue](#) by [MiaQc](#)

My name is Carolyn.

I am a prostitute.

I run through the dark streets.

The Ripper is after me.

I hope I can take refuge in a brothel or a hotel before he catches up with me.

Or hide somewhere.

I don't want to die.

Not here, not now.

After all, this is my last night as a sex worker, as I have found a husband.

I stand against the wall at the entrance to a small alley and pray.

I pray that the serial killer avoids me and goes elsewhere.

The Ripper arrives near the alley.

He looks around, looking for me.

I hold my breath.

Then I let out a groan as he pounced on me.

The killer had found me!

I thought he was going to stab me to death.

Instead, his knife rips my dress.

Of course, all his victims were found naked.

Naked and with their organs ripped out.

Even the uterus.

The Ripper really hates night girls.

I let out a sob.

I don't want to die!

Against all odds, the killer doesn't hurt me.

He's breathing heavily, his hands are shaking.

His look. I know that look.

I've seen it in many of my clients.

The desire for sex.

The rest of his face expresses disgust, but the Ripper wants sex.

He wants me.

This is my chance.

Maybe I'll get out of this!

"Go ahead, knock yourself out." I try to say seductively, though I am terrified. "For you, it will be free."

The Ripper is not told twice.

He drops his knife and his hands, his lips go everywhere on me.

My mouth, my arms, my hands, my breasts and nipples, my armpit hair, my vaginal hair, my pussy, my legs, my feet.

I moan as he licks my pussy hard, before entering two fingers inside.

He's raping me, but I like it.

As he groped my G-spot, his mouth sucked on my left nipple.

I cum quickly and the killer's breathing becomes jerkier.

Why do I like this?

The Ripper takes his mouth off my nipple and slides his cock between my breasts to prepare it.

I moan louder and louder.

I should feel dirty, disgusted, but I love it.

The killer enters his cock strongly into me and I scream with pleasure.

He screams with me.

I am not afraid anymore.

When he ejaculates inside me, we orgasm together.

My fear has given way to ecstasy.

The Ripper pulls his cock out of my pussy and looks at me.

He doesn't say anything.

I don't like this.

"Ah~... So... Ah~, did you enjoy it?"

He takes his knife.

Oh no.

"Please let me go. I've given you what you want, so..."

He raises his knife to the sky.

No, he's going to stab me!

I scream, closing my eyes.

Then nothing.

Silence.

I am still breathing.

I am alive.

I open my eyes.

The Ripper is gone.

Even though I am naked, I hurry to seek refuge in a brothel.

There I can find another dress and get back into clothes.

The night is far from over.

I still need money to afford a night in one of the many hotels in London.

I still have to find clients in the various brothels in the city.

I take a long sigh and go out into the street.

It's going to be a long night.

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